



ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



"I never wish to defend a man unless I know that he is guilty."—

—Gen. B. F. Butler, in his speech to the Graduates of the Boston University Law School, May 28th.



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY,
from the
PUCK BUILDING,
New York.

Publishers and Proprietors, - Joseph Keppler.
A. Schwarzmann.
Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, June 3th, 1887.—No. 535.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS HARVEST-TIME in the country. The honest farmer is not cutting hay, nor is he reaping grain; neither hay-rick nor garner is full; the leaf is in its first green, and only the precocious and uncertain asparagus has reached a perfect maturity. Yet it is harvest-time. For do not the farmer and his wife sleep in the store room, and their daughter in the garret, and their son with the hired-man in the loft of the barn? And are not the other rooms already rented to the summering citizen who desires pure country air, all the delicacies of the season, and a ten-minutes' walk to the railroad? Talk about your golden grain! Prattle of your fields of timothy and clover! All the honest farmer's acres will not yield him the clear profit that he will extort from one single family—from that hapless party of five whom he has crowded into two rooms at the back of the house, for instance. There it is that prospective gold gleams yellower for him than wind-tossed wheat in August. There is his hope of increase and prosperity. For if a boarder payeth thee ten dollars a week, and it costeth thee but two to keep him, art thou not in a fair eighty per cent? Go to, Jay Gould, thou futile worldling! Thou callest thyself a financier. Canst thou make five dollars of one, and keep thy soul pure and thy hands clean and thy conscience easy?

Do not grit your teeth, kind reader, or say that the swindle is too bad to be laughed at. For, really, when you come to think of it, you can not blame the farmer. Take him at his worst, he is a good, honest, frank, unpretending pirate and vampire. He is too well-known, too simple and shameless in his methods, to be rated as anything worse than a general nuisance. The candid buccancer does no serious mischief. He is not a danger to the community, like the virtuous philanthropist who offers you a fortune for a dollar, in the name of brotherly love. We know him for what he is; we may avoid him and keep out of his clutches. And what, after all, can we expect of the yokel who sells his home every summer to whoever will come and buy? Can we look to him for refinement and delicacy of feeling? He walks according to his lights. He wants our money, that is all; and he proposes to give us as little as possible in return for it. Unquestionably, he has his standard of morality. He will give us mutton-stew and fried potatoes for breakfast. If he wishes to enjoy a glow of self-satisfaction, he will add a sodden pie to the bill of fare, and feel that the act will not pass unrecorded in heaven. These are his natural limitations. Can we teach this man terrapin, or widen the horizon as to mayonnaise dressing? Why, he does n't even dream that he puts his immortal soul in danger every time that he fries a steak!

The fault lies with us. For the real out-and-out cit, the dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker, unless his business takes him frequently from home, or unless, by chance, he is an experienced fisherman, has no better idea of what lies before him when he starts to take his family into the country than the traveler might have who should set out for the lost cities of Central America. His ideas of the country are derived from the glittering generalities of books or the faint reminiscences of boyhood. He looks for purling brooks,

umbrageous (not shady) trees, lowing kine, and all the rest of it. Then an artful advertisement lures him forth to a hamlet of straggling frame houses, painted in hideous tints, and he is disappointed; or he follows another trail, and at the end finds himself in a dirty barn-yard, looking at the four little panes of greenish glass that form the window behind which he is to try to live for three or four months. And when he has been through a few such experiences, and has undergone the horrors of farmhouse cooking, of husk-beds, of stuffy whitewashed rooms, of ignorant and vulgar companionship, he gives it up as a hopeless business, and takes himself and his family to the noisy, expensive summer caravansary, where he lives on cheap French dishes and "society" gossip at the rate of three dollars a day for each member of his domestic troop, children and servants half-price; the head-waiter to be tipped punctually every week.

It was found out long ago that grapes are not to be expected of the humble thistle. The solution of this summering problem lies, perhaps, in the reestablishment of the modest, small, well-kept inn—the old-fashioned tavern. But, at all events, the over-heated citizen may make up his mind to this much: that a farmer is not likely to make a good hotel-keeper, and that the boarding-house business, in town or in country, can not be well-conducted by inexperienced people.

We would not, for the world, impute to our friends among the Protestant clergy a feeling of unholy glee at the little rumpus which is disturbing the equanimity of their Catholic brethren in New York. And yet, they are but human, and they must take a certain amused interest in the disturbance. Whether the contumacious priest be brought to penitent submission at the Pope's toe, or whether he defy the curse of Rome and continue in the Anti-Poverty business, the heretical clergy can not but be pleased to reflect that Mother Church has her little troubles, just the same as her independent offspring. And, oh, can it be un-Christian in our greatest Protestant bishop to experience a gentle, chastened pleasure in the thought that when one of his shepherds took to running after strange Georges, he was squelched with a delicacy and despatch which Rome herself might envy and admire? There is no Georgism in Bishop Potter's diocese; and even the poor old Pentateuch is treated with conservative reverence. Archbishop Corrigan will please take notice.



LOCAL PATRIOTISM.

REPORTER (just after hot foul-tipped ball had entered the grand stand).—You had a very narrow escape, sir.

ENTHUSIASTIC BOSTONIAN.—Don't mention it. I would n't take a thousand dollars for that hat. Mike Kelly was at the plate!



A WHIST PARTY.

MR. GALANT (*who is an authority at his club*).—Are you fond of whist, Mrs. Bland?

MRS. BLAND (*his hostess and partner*).—Oh, immensely! I fear, though, I am a little out of practice.

MR. GALANT (*who has his misgivings about ladies' whist*).—Perhaps you would prefer a game of euchre?

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, no, indeed! I know how devoted you are to whist. Mr. Bland often speaks of your prowess.

MISS FICHU (*one antagonist*).—Oh, we *must* play whist. I shall be too proud if we win; and if we lose, it is only what we ought to expect.

YOUNG DARBY (*another antagonist*).—Why, you know, Mr. Galant, it is really awfully plucky our standing up against you at all!

MR. GALANT (*who does not see much sport ahead for himself*).—Well, then, we'll get to work. Will you ladies cut for the deal?

MRS. BLAND (*cutting an ace*).—Oh, dear, low deals, and I've the very highest card in the pack!

MR. GALANT.—The deal is yours; ace is low in the deal cut.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, yes, I remember now. How stupid of me!

MR. GALANT (*involuntarily*).—Don't mention it!

MRS. BLAND (*looking at her cards*).—Fancy my dealing such a hand to myself! Mr. Galant, I hope I have treated you better.

MR. GALANT (*dryly*).—Thanks.

MISS FICHU.—Have I got to lead? I do so hate to do that.

YOUNG DARBY (*encouragingly*).—If you'll lead any one of three suits I'll agree to take it.

MRS. BLAND.—But beware how you lead the fourth, for that I shall win.

MR. GALANT (*muses to himself*).—Three aces on my left and one in my partner's hand. This *is* whist.

MRS. BLAND (*later in the same hand*).—Well, there's the queen, too. I like to use a suit up while it's fresh.

MISS FICHU.—So do I; it is so easy to remember about it then.

YOUNG DARBY (*trumping the trick*).—Your queen is doomed, though, Mrs. Bland.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, Mr. Darby, that is n't polite at all. Now, that I think of it, you played the knave on my king, did n't you?

MR. GALANT (*faintly*).—Yes, ma'am.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, how stupid of me! I might have known.

MR. GALANT (*at the end of the hand*).—You had good trump cards,

Mrs. Bland. I presume you did not notice my trump signal?

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, I had forgotten all about that. I must watch next time!

MISS FICHU.—Oh, is it my lead again? Let me see—"when in doubt lead trumps."

YOUNG DARBY (*approvingly*).—A very good play, Miss Fichu.

MRS. BLAND.—But the trick is ours with my ace. Now (*fingering a card*), you led me something, Mr. Galant. What in the world was it?

MR. GALANT (*whose misgivings have become certainties*).—I can hardly tell you that, you know.

MRS. BLAND.—Of course not. How unfortunate that I do not recall it, though; it was a heart or a diamond.

MISS FICHU (*facetiously*).—Lead both.

MRS. BLAND.—I wish I might. I'll follow your example, and solve my doubt in trumps.

YOUNG DARBY.—How charming of you, Mrs. Bland; I was so hoping you might.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, Mr. Darby, did you want it?

MR. DARBY.—Above all things. Did n't you hear me applaud Miss Fichu's trump lead?

MRS. BLAND.—Of course you did. How very stupid!

MR. DARBY (*complacently leading his cards with a jerk*).—I believe the trumps are all out, and my spades are good. Can you take this—or this—or this—oh, I miscounted. Mr. Galant has the last spade!

MRS. BLAND (*eagerly*).—Oh, what does that do?

MR. GALANT (*dryly*).—It gives them four instead of five.

MRS. BLAND (*quite relieved*).—Oh, you have saved the day, Mr. Galant!

MISS FICHU.—And we have won the game, with two to spare.

MRS. BLAND.—Oh, is that really so?

MISS FICHU (*on YOUNG DARBY's arm, later, promenading the rooms*).—We have been playing whist with Mr. Galant. Do ask us who won four games out of five; we're too modest to proffer the information.

(*At a summer resort the following season.*)

MISS PARACHUTE (*to waiting friends*).—Oh, dear; I felt sure Mr. Galant could make a fourth hand at our game of whist, and I just begged him to do so; but he says he does n't know one card from another!

PHILIP H. WELCH.



CONFESSIONS OF A HORSE.

I AM AN EASY-GOING HORSE, of uncertain age and health, and it is with some diffidence that I trot out into print. I am what is known as a mustang; and I still have the initials of my original owner, out in Dakota, burned half-an-inch deep in one of my flanks, to show that I am genuine.

It may at first appear strange to you that I speak of my uncertain age; but, really, for the life of me, I can not tell just how old I am. A man up in Batavia sold me for a twelve-year-old about six years ago, and my buyer sold me several years later, and gave my purchaser a written guarantee that I was only eight. Since then I have been quoted at seven and six, which, to tell you the honest truth, rather pleases my equine vanity. Like some young ladies I wot of, I prefer to be considered younger than I am; so I will call myself a steed of seven rose-times.

And then my uncertain health, that I alluded to in the same breath with my age, may be easily explained. I don't know whether I am sound or not. I have heard the man who sold me say that I was as sound as a dollar; and the man who wanted to get me for less than I was worth, vowed that he believed I was foundered, and had several other ailments, whose names have escaped me.

The disagreement of two authorities naturally set me to thinking about myself; and the more I thought, the more I was worried. I am not naturally given to looking on the dark side; but when I fancied I experienced an unusual flutter of the heart, I confess that I felt a trifle uneasy, not to say frightened. Not a horse laugh escaped me for a month. I felt like lubricating myself with mustang liniment, and filling my interior with those equine pellets that are known to naturalists as the horse-chestnut.

I really don't know whether I am an invalid or not, because I have heard so many contradictory statements regarding me. But if a tired feeling is any indication of ill-health, I am indeed a wreck of my former self. I am always fatigued, but more so when hitched up for a drive than when standing in a stall. I have been driven in a village cart, and in a phaeton, but don't hesitate to admit frankly that my favorite vehicle is a steam-car. I came from Dakota in one.

And, while on the subject of cars, let me say that if you want to bring on a stroke of cardiac paralysis, just whisper in my ear the awful word, "horse-car!" When I think of my poor brothers and sisters that are to-day drawing these highly colored four-wheeled monsters up and down metropolitan thoroughfares, my eyes are filmed with the evanescent pearls of grief. I have just been running over the strawberry-bed of a neighbor, and hence the poetry.

I am sometimes morose, owing, I think, to biliousness, the result of over-feeding. When I am in one of my morose moods, the hens never attempt to arrange themselves along my spinal column for a night's repose, and the coachman hitches me up by running the wagon up behind me as I stand in the stall, and throwing the harness on from behind the dash-board.

My biliousness I attribute entirely to my new life. My present owner now keeps me in a stable which he has just had built. Previously, I was kept at a livery stable. I think that during the year that I was a guest at the livery stable, the keeper of the same must have saved enough out of what he got for me to build a house. The only thing that I could get enough of was water; and when my owner was absent during the summer, I was frequently hired out to strangers, and sometimes to sporting characters who would race me with other horses, and beat me until my bones almost broke, to get a higher rate of speed out of me. And then they alluded to me in anything but a respectful manner, and called me by undignified names



NO TRADE INSTINCT.

HEMSTETTER (who is using his eldest for lay-figure window-decoration).—Py cracious! ain'd you god sense your nose nod to scradtch ven dey vos a gusdomer lookin' in?

with a freedom and familiarity that was truly appalling. They also said my slowness was proof positive that I belonged to the Messenger breed.

On one occasion the stableman used me to drag a hearse to the graveyard. The subject I hauled weighed about two-hundred-and-fifty pounds, and he died of dropsy. As I hauled him up a sandy hill, the mental suffering of the mourners was nothing to mine. I was selected because I was jet black, I afterward heard, from which I naturally infer that if I had been snow white, I should only have been selected for the hearse of an infant.

I have also had boys pull hairs out of my mane and tail for locusts. If you will excuse me for being irrelevant, I will explain the locust. It consisted of a piece of moistened kid, drawn tightly across a bottle-head; when this was dry, two holes were made through the kid with a needle, and through these apertures a horse-hair was run. The other ends were fastened on the end of a stick, so they would not wind up when whirled. One of these locusts, being whirled, gave out a noise that would kill anything but a boy. The horrors of the locust put a premium on my tail and mane, and I was a daily sufferer until I had my tail cut short, and my mane braided, and became a dude horse.

I don't wish to be considered as complaining or finding fault; but I should be happier than I am now, if driven by a doctor who would stay in each house and gossip for an hour or so, and leave me standing outside. But I shall be happiest of all when my hide is translated into toilet soap, and my bones into ivory buttons and knife-handles.

R. K. M.



THE BEAUTIES OF BEACH TENNIS.

Miss DeWinge has invited a party of friends to Rye to play tennis on the beach, and to save time has had the net set up the night before. Perkins, the gardener, forgot the tide in his arrangement.

DR. WILKE, of London, has finished the second part of his work on "Hebrew Accents;" but we fail to find in it a satisfactory explanation of the phrase: "Fife-tollar pills ain'd maig good cur-rl-babers, Rachel."

A WORK ON ASTRONOMY, upon which Professor Richard A. Proctor has been at work for a quarter of a century, will soon be published, and savants are anxiously awaiting its appearance, so as to settle the question as to what has become of Daniel Bandmann.

OUR AMANUENSIS.



FAINTY HANDS ne'er made for work,
Has our pretty short-hand clerk;
And her eyes—
Gray, but tender as a dove—
Eyes that one can't help but love;
She's a prize.

How she makes the type-keys jump,
And my poor heart wildly thump,
As I look.
On her form my optic dotes,
As she bends to read the notes
In her book.

Gentle, patient, always kind,
(Though somewhat to fun inclined—
Quiet way.)

Firm don't like her worth a sou,
For she does not aught but chew
Gum all day.

MEN'S RIGHTS.

IT is probably the result of a chivalrous sentiment toward the weaker sex that no man has yet ventured to protest against a common discrimination in favor of the ladies so gratuitously offensive and unjust that its endurance is no longer tolerable.

It has always rankled in the manly breast that while gentlemen are freely and with disrespectful brevity described in the public prints and elsewhere as "gents," ladies are never under any circumstances made to endure the corresponding abbreviation, "lades."

If there were any reason whatever for this baleful distinction, it might be borne more patiently, but there is absolutely none; and the time has come for an oppressed sex to demand either perpetual immunity from this hateful and degrading condensation of its social title, or the companionship of the "lades" in its misery.

This point once gained, the abolition of certain offensive legends of disgustingly common occurrence will follow as a matter of course.

"Gentlemen" will no longer be requested not "to smoke," or, more unnecessarily, "to spit on the floor," unless ladies also are similarly denied the exercise of these privileges "out of respect to the gentlemen." And the weight of the tacit prohibition against the wearing of the hat in theatres will bear as heavily upon the gentler sex as upon the oppressed male.

Why, in Heaven's name, should men be forbidden to smoke, while women are constructively permitted to indulge this vice in luxuriant and unrepressed freedom? Under the present usages a lady may smoke a T. D. pipe of the vilest tobacco in places where a similar proceeding would entail upon a masculine offender the contumelious rigors of the law.

And why should the great American privilege of free expectoration be permitted to one sex to the exclusion of another not less unworthy to exercise it. Such a state of things is opposed to the spirit of our Constitution, and cries out vociferously for reform.

Washington papers please copy.

F. E. CHASE.

WHEN MR. SARGENT, a New Haven manufacturer, started on a trip around the world, the other day, it took him twelve hours to shake hands with his two thousand employees. He hopes, by careful nursing and a case of strong liniment, to be able to write his impressions of the voyage on reaching Tokio.

LITERARY NOTES FROM CINCINNATI.

MISS BIRDIE MAGINNIS has committed to memory a portion of a poem called "The Ills He Had," written, we believe, by a gentleman named Col. Homer.

MR. IGNATIUS DONNELLY, a prominent *littérateur* of the Northwest, was in the city this week. Mr. Donnelly, in addition to his literary pursuits, is engaged extensively in the Bacon business.

MR. FITZMAURICE OSBORNE, the gentlemanly Secretary of the Browning Association, has purchased a new pair of trousers. The color is a dim whitish yellow, and matches perfectly with the excellent leaf lard which he manufactures.

AS AN INSTANCE of the literary feeling in Cincinnati, we may mention that at the inauguration of a new hog-killing establishment in the Third Ward, Mr. James Hawthorne Jugs recited Tennyson's new Jubilee Ode from memory.

MR. MELCHOIR BARNETT has accepted the position of managing editor of the Green-ham department of Harmer & Co. Mr. Barnett is the janitor of the Col. James Russell Lowell Literary Club.

MRS. MONTMORENCY SQUIBBS has lately come out as an accomplished whistler. At a recent reception given by her, she whistled "Yankee Doodle," with variations, in a delightful manner. After the reception a collation was served, in which Mr. Squibb's famous "Acme" brand of sugar-cured hams were conspicuous.

MR. CHAUCER LORNE is so devoted to "Pegasus" that he has had a lovely original poem printed on the wrapping paper which he uses in his grocery store on West Street. Thus he seeks to popularize the muse.

THE BOOK TRADE in this city has lately received a wonderful impetus. The volume most frequently called for is "The New Rules of Base-Ball," while "The City Directory for 1887" is also meeting with a heavy sale.
WM. H. SIVITER.

LONDON EXPECTS to increase its population, in the next twelve years, three-quarters of a million. This will doubtless make Kansas City jealous; but we can not help it.

IT IS NOT WELL to place too much confidence in a robin's song, denoting that spring is on hand. The robin may be fooled. But when the mosquito strings his mandolin, places the big end on his knee, and bursts forth into song, you can safely bring out your straw hat and seersucker suit.

ADMIRERS OF SARA BERNHARDT believe in grace before meat.

INCOMPATIBILITY OF TEMPER.

"Have you spoken to my daughter yet?" asked the old man.

"No, sir; I wanted your consent first."

"Well, I advise you to give up the idea. I don't believe she would marry you, and if she did, neither of you would be happy."

"Why do you think so, sir?"

"Because you part your hair in the middle and she parts hers on the side."



HE NEGLECTED TO SIZE HIM UP.

OFFENDED PARTY.—Waiter, that man there has insulted me. If you don't put him out of this place at once, I shall!



OFFENDING PARTY (*who chances to be one of those deceptive disproportioned individuals*).—Waiter, bring me a brazier! I dislike to eat these things raw.



OUTFITS FOR SUMMER OUTINGS.

SUMMER, WITH ITS seaside hotels, will soon be upon us. Realizing the imminence of the danger, a powerful syndicate has been formed whose object is to supply the summer guest with all the necessities for self-protection and enjoyment, during a fortnight by the sad sea waves.

The genius of distinguished inventors has been brought to play; civilization has been ransacked for means to bring about the end. The apparatus devised has been arranged in four classes, to wit:

I.—DINING-ROOM OUTFIT.

Patent: No. 3,657,471. Trade-mark: 4 700½A. Copyright: Company for Protection of Guests. Label: A. A. & Z. Co.'s XXX BB.

This outfit consists of the following:

A Rocky Mountain scout, on a mustang, with friendly Indian and lasso.

A dynamite clock, warranted to explode in thirty minutes after it has been set.

A pair of grappling hooks.

A galvanic battery.

A Siberian bloodhound.

The method of using the dining-room outfit is the following:

The guest goes down to the dining-room, preceded by the *Rocky Mountain scout* at full gallop on the *mustang*, and closely accompanied by the *friendly Indian*. The *scout* and *Indian* together trap the head-waiter, who vainly tries to conceal himself from the guest as the latter enters the room. Lassoing him, they bring him to the door, and, persuaded by revolver and tomahawk, he assigns the guest to a seat at table. The *scout* and the *Indian* then retire. The guest waits calmly for a table waiter for thirty minutes, at the expiration of which time the *dynamite clock* explodes with a great noise. As the terrified waiters rush by pell mell to escape, the guest catches one of them with the *grappling hooks*, and drags him to within ear-shot, connects the *galvanic battery* to him, and has his scent carefully taken by the *Siberian bloodhound*. The guest then gives his order to the waiter, removes the *grappling hooks*, and gives the darkey a powerful shock with the *battery* to speed him on his mission. At the expiration of forty-five minutes, if the waiter has not returned—odds of four hundred to one that he has not—the *Siberian bloodhound* tracks him to the kitchen, and brings him back with the guest's dinner, by the calf of the leg. The outfit is warranted to procure a dinner in eighty minutes for a guest paying five dollars a day at a summer hotel in the height of the season. The total cost of the dining-room outfit will not exceed one thousand dollars. The *Rocky Mountain scout* charges for services at the rate of ten dollars per hour. Head-waiters can usually be trapped in eighteen minutes.

II.—BED-ROOM OUTFIT.

The constituents of this outfit are as follows:

A moral burglar.

A loaded gasoline stove, and three well-filled ice-wagons; two cylindrical boilers, having capacity of one thousand gallons each, and provided with eight taps.

A mainsail, and a nautical gentleman with a wooden leg and cheerful whistle; a pair of shears; two Chinamen, of the most degraded type, carrying matches in their mouths.

A native of Jamaica, with a mongoose.

The guest, on going to his room, does not wait for the key of his door to be found; he intends to return to New York in a fortnight. The *moral burglar* gets the door open for him, in consideration of a trifling fee over and above the regular salary due from the Company. The guest does not wait for water, for he knows there is none within thirty miles. The *two degraded Chinamen* bring up the *gasoline stove*, set the *boilers* on it, light the fire with the *matches*, and feed the *boilers* with *ice*; subsequently drawing off water at different temperatures from the *eight taps*, viz: ice cold water, ice water, cold water, water, tepid water, warm water, hot water, boiling water. The luxury of eight different kinds of water at a summer hotel need only be hinted at to be appreciated.

While all this is going on, the *nautical gentleman with a wooden leg* and cheerful whistle has been cutting up the *mainsail* into towels, and has four hundred made by the time the guest has rolled up his sleeves. The *native of Jamaica*, with his *mongoose*, has caught all the rats and mice in the room, and the *two degraded Chinamen* have had their supper.

The bed-room outfit comes a little high; say, \$5,600.23.

III.—THE PARLOR OUTFIT.

Among the various appliances designed to make the guest secure in the hotel parlor are the following:

Eighteen plaster-of-Paris jackets.

A pair of handcuffs and a chain.

A surgeon's needle and fine wire.

A trapeze performer.

Armed with these appurtenances, the guest goes into the parlor, marches boldly up to the old lady who has been chattering there for fourteen summers, sews up her mouth with the *surgeon's needle and fine wire*, does the same to the young lady who has screeched at the piano for six summers; *handcuffs* the dry-goods clerk who likes to play tunes with one finger, and *chains* him to the gas fixtures; lastly, puts the *plaster-of-Paris jackets* on eighteen boys, who are playing base-ball in the middle of the room. The *trapeze performer* then turns down seventy-five gas lights, and opens forty windows, and the guest enjoys a quiet evening for the first time in his summer existence.

The expense of the parlor outfit is very light; \$250 will cover the whole.

IV.—THE BATH-HOUSE OUTFIT.

This is the most necessary; but, unfortunately, the most expensive outfit. It includes the following:

A corps of engineers, with five thousand Chinamen, all warranted sun-stroke proof, and graduates of Yuma.

A refrigerator car, drawn by a powerful motor.

A tailor.

A light-house.

An audience with opera-glasses.

Enthusiastic friends with trumpets.

A life-saving crew.

A burro, with capacity for five tons.

A skilful pickpocket.

A steam fire-engine and hose-cart.

The guest first has a railroad track laid through fifteen miles of soft sand by a *corps of engineers*, and *five thousand Chinese laborers*; he is then conveyed to the bath-house in a *refrigerator car*, drawn by the *motor*. Arriving at the bath-house, the *tailor* sews on seventeen buttons to his suit. He climbs to the top of the *light-house*, for the surf is so high he can not get into the water except by diving from the top of the light.

The people on the beach are supplied with *opera-glasses*, so that they may better observe his natatorial prowess. His friends, supplied with *trumpets*, roar to him to "swim under water," to "throw back somersaults," to "float," etc., etc.; all of which he does superbly, and to his credit. Wafted four miles out to sea by a strong under-current, his life is saved by the *Life Saving Crew*. He is brought ashore, loaded on the *burro*, and conveyed to his bath-house, where the skilful pickpocket removes from his person one watermelon, two cucumbers, four rotten apples and three pounds of drift-wood, which have become entangled in his bathing clothes. He is then played on by the *fire-engine*, and four tons of mud and one ton of seaweed washed from his body. He goes back to the hotel in the *refrigerator car*, greatly refreshed.

The bath-house outfit is exceedingly expensive; the railroad costs \$10,000 a mile—or \$150,000. The *tailor* is warranted to charge an indefinite sum. Other items swell the cost to \$250,000.

The total cost to the individual wishing a quiet fortnight of uninterrupted enjoyment in midsummer will be about \$256,850.23

For any one to pretend to be comfortable at the seaside at lower figures than the above is arrant nonsense.

C. M.



IN CENTRAL PARK ZOO.

McSHANE (of the Sixt Warrd).—Dombed av thot aint th' longest shquirrel iver Oi seen, Cornalia!

WITH RATTLE AND DRUM.

Selections from a Volume of Verses by One of Our Minor Poets.



TRIOLET.

HOW DOth the little busy bee
Fly through the air on shining wing,
From bush and bower to flowering tree!
How doth the little busy bee
Gather the sweetness of the Spring;
But when with fond applause we see
How doth the little busy bee,
Full well he knoweth how to sting.

RONDEL.

Who steals a pin is a grievous sinner,
And Joy sits weeping his certain doom;
In princely palace he holds no room,
Nor fleets to the goal—Fame's dauntless winner.

He loses his wits and his wife and his dinner,
And falls untimely into the tomb;
Who steals a pin is a grievous sinner,
And Joy sits weeping his certain doom.

What though the mists of the dawn wax thinner,
He sees no shining, he knows no bloom;
But turns to the wine-cup's deadly fume;
Or old offender, or crude beginner,
Who steals a pin is a grievous sinner.

RONDEAU.

Let dogs delight, with yelp and bite,
To mar our peace from morn till night—
Let Matcl's pug, in mimic fray,
Harass his shins who comes to pay
His homage to the maiden bright.

Let bull-dogs, brindled, tan or white,
Seize on thy pants* with jaws of might;
And bloodhounds bold—allow them, pray,
To frolic; 'tis their little way;
And if it seems to them aright,
Let dogs delight.

Not so with us. We, more polite,
Nor snap nor snarl; and thus we may,
Secure in bland deportment, say
Benignly from our moral height:

"Let dogs delight." JULIE K. WETHERILL.

* Pantaloon.

VERY NEW.

THE PROBABILITY OF AN extra session of Congress gives no joy to the members, excepting those newly-elected ones who are yearning to hear their voices ring through the capitol. Some of these are here already, viewing the field of their prospective exploits. One walked into the House of Representatives to-day. All the employees of the capitol gauged him at a glance, and enjoyed a laugh at his maneuvers. First, he went up to the speaker's desk, and glanced about the hall, seemingly intent on choosing a seat for his two years' there. Then he walked up and down the centre aisle with a strut that would do honor to Senator Ingalls, his chest swelling with pride as he looked up at the empty galleries, which would, doubtless, some day fill up at the first sound of his voice on the floor. Finally, he strutted along the whole length of the capitol, between the House and Senate, with a bearing which, if translated into words, would read: "Look at me, ye poor common citizens! Do ye see this noble form?"

"Well, in the near future, thousands will flock here to gaze at it.

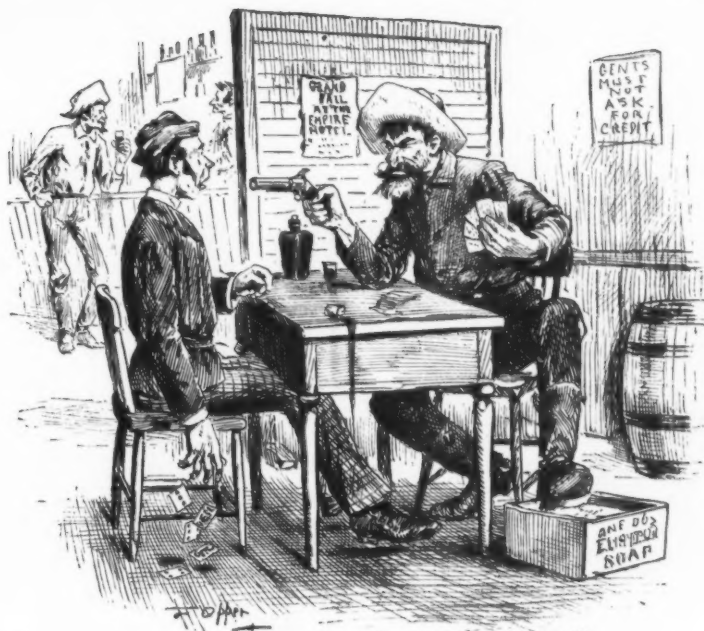
"Do ye see this grandly poised head?"

"I tell you, sirs, that before the Fiftieth Congress has expired this nation will wonder over the stores of wisdom lying about loose in it. Hum! hum! I should n't waste my precious voice talking to you insignificant beings."

Having finished his inspection of the capitol, he walked up the avenue with the same grand air; and yet not the same, for he bore an expression of pained surprise as no heads appeared at the windows and no crowds followed to gaze upon him. When he entered the hotel he asked for his key, looking all the time about ten yards above the clerk's head.

As he took the elevator for his room, the man of the diamond pin grinned and remarked: "That duffer thinks he is somebody. But won't he get a come down when he finds himself a nonentity in among three hundred and twenty-five members!"

W. L. RIORDON.



BLUFF.

TENDERFOOT.—I'm new at the game, you know. Can I open the jack-pot on the right bower and a lady card?

ARIZONA.—It has been done, my friend; but you want to be sitting right on the edge of an open grave, and have a backslant on besides, when you undertake to try it.

IT IS SAID that Mr. Childs started the *Ledger* long before the city of Philadelphia was even thought of, and that people came there and settled in order to get the paper damp from the press. This makes Mr. Childs responsible for Philadelphia. We would rather be poor, with a clear conscience, than rich, and responsible for Philadelphia.

WHEN A HARLEM MAN goes out of town he registers "New York City."

A THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (to BUTCHER).—How much do you charge for spring lamb?

BUTCHER.—Two-fifty for a hind-quarter, mum.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Well, give me the smallest you have. My husband says we must economize on meat this month.

AN EXPLANATION.

"Pa," said a little boy who is a base-ball enthusiast: "what does this paper mean by saying that several of the Metropolitans are ambidextrous?"

"It means," replied the father: "that they can strike out with one hand as easily as with the other."



THE SUNDAY DROUGHT.

Sad Effect of a Fall on the Avenue. So Dry that he Broke.

A GENTLEMAN IN THIS CITY has named his dog "Straight Tip," because he is a pointer.

WHAT SOME ENTERTAINERS lack in the quality of their wines, they make up in the quality of their fifty-dollar professional story-tellers.

THE MAN who has never lived in a country village, and sat through the long summer afternoon on a dry-goods box, on the shady side of the street, whittling off the corners (of the box, not street), does n't know what calm enjoyment means.

BREVITY is the son of sermons.



IT'S A VERY PRETTY QUARREL AS IT STANDS — AND THE PRO



THE PROTESTANTS CAN AFFORD TO SMILE, WHOEVER IS VICTOR.

THE ENGLISH MAIDEN TO BUFFALO BILL.



REAT BILL—fine specimen of grown-up man,
Here let me feast my eyes the while I can
On true proportion, free redundant grace,
Nature's perfected touch in form and face.

Why have not all men winning charms like these,
Bold-sculptured shoulder blade and manly knees?
Why are not costumes such as yours the rage,
Instead of those that blight and mar the age?

But, 'tis the *man* we lack—not costume. Place
Yours on the usual product of the race
And see how soon 'twould look absurd and vain,
And tailors' art be welcomed back again.

Let Darwin talk of origin. *He* may;
You can afford to smile such fads away.
Great Nature's men, like you, have glorious shapes;
Only the learned and wise resemble apes.

Strong wondrous Bill! Too sweet for anything!
Place you beside our prince and future king,
Which would seem fitted best a throne to fill?
Surely all womankind will answer, "Bill!"

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.

THE OPERA SINGER would probably be able to command a larger salary if he could only acquire a curve pitch to his voice.

WHEN GABRIEL reaches Philadelphia he will blow his horn from the unfinished Public Building.

A WESTERN PAPER BOASTS that it has a blind man on its staff. After looking over the paper we are convinced of the truth of this claim; the blind man must be the proof-reader.

THE MARQUIS OF ALMANZOVA, whose income is two million dollars a year, was a Spanish miner thirty years ago, working for thirty cents a day. We have it from a friend, though, who, when the wind is blowing in any direction, knows a hawk from a hand-saw, that the Marquis of What's-his-name's case is more or less exceptional.

THE QUESTION, "Has a husband the right to open his wife's letters?" is agitating Paris. If she will let ours alone, we will let hers alone. And that's the kind of a married man we are!



RESTRICTIVE.

AMATEUR SALT (*on balcony*).—I can't say that your new craft is long on the beautiful, Tom.

TOM.—No, she is n't very handsome; but she is the best I can do under the circumstances. You know I'm going to take her across this summer for the Cowes races, and those English yachtsmen won't allow us to use hulls this season.

PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY.

Compiled Expressly for Germans Who Retain their Native Accent.

- A BLE.—Fruit discovered by Eve.
APT.—Celebrated composer; displayed great abtitude.
APE.—Abbreviation of Abraham. A Jew's Christian name. Pet monkeys are frequently called Abe.
BAIL.—Appearance of a criminal unable to furnish pale.
BILL.—Pharmaceutical compound, very bitter to swallow when presented by a relentless creditor.
BRIDE.—Peculiar sensation experienced by young women when they are led to the altar.
CALL.—Expression applied to individuals who visit their friends at 4 A. M. *Ex.*: "He has a call, a nerve," etc.
CULL.—Sea bird, noted for gulling laurels with its sweet voice.
DALE.—Many dales have been written and published. Poets seek their inspiration while rambling over "hill and tale."
DARE.—Action of stepping on a lady's dressed; considered a tearing feat. CHIMMY.



A PARTICULAR TASTE.

WOMAN (*to TRAMP*).—Does n't that bread an' butter suit ye?

TRAMP.—The bread's all right, ma'am; but I ain't stuck on the butter.

WOMAN.—It's fresh grass butter. I made it myself.

TRAMP.—It's fresh enough; but it lacks flavor. You see, I was born an' raised in Philadelphia.

A PROMINENT ACTRESS recently had a narrow escape from being run over by a Fifth Avenue stage. When she had recovered her equanimity somewhat, she remarked that it was the first time in years that she had suffered from stage fright. Stage fright is a bad thing, but to be fooled into reading a poor joke like this is worse.

THE *Commercial Advertiser* SAYS: "The man who wrote 'How to Get Rich,' has failed in business fourteen times." That is probably his way of getting rich.

A YOKE OF OXEN were struck by lightning during a thunder storm in South Jersey; but their driver, who was intoxicated, escaped unhurt. This lesson is in no way intended to affect the success of the temperance crusade which has been going on in Jersey for some little while past.

NO ONE EVER KNEW a Republican office-holder to blow out the gas.

OUR MODEST MOTHER COUNTRY.

SCENE.—Fashionable dressmaking establishment in New York.

CUSTOMER.—I have been unable to find a trimming to match my material.

ENGLISH ATTENDANT.—In London, madam, we can send out and at once match any shade.

CUSTOMER.—Can it be that our dealers are careless about getting in a complete stock?

ATTENDANT (*very honestly*).—I don't know; but it does seem as if our merchants don't care what they send to the Colonies.



OLD FACTS AND COLD DAYS.

THE CRACKED ICE in a julep glass,
The stare of a Boston girl;
The snow hid in a mountain pass,
A March wind's maddening whirl.
The deals on which Jay Gould's bereft,
The waves at Bar Harbor, Maine;
The days that the Detroiters get left
Of the largest share of gain.
The day on which divines will know
If probation follows death;
Or, settle where the heathen go
When they breathe their final breath.

The day on which a man named Hill
Shall succeed in his intent,
And really find, by the people's will,
That he is their president.

CLARENCE STETSON.

A LETTER.

OLD SWAMP, Conn., May 26th, 1887.

TO THE DEAR EDITOR OF PUCK—Sir:

I wish to know the address of Mr. Clarence Stetson. His lines, "To the Ambitious," printed in your issue of yesterday, I feel are a Godsend to me.

Time after time, and time and time again, I have sent to the publishers of the *New Haven Radiator*, "Items of Interest from Old Swamp," always to meet with the disappointment, in scanning the next issue, of finding my contribution left out. It came to be a sore experience, and under its depressing weight I grew morbid and morose, lost faith in humanity, distrusted my own self, became bereft of ambition, lost hope and was on the verge of despair and about to swap off my writing utensils for a hoe and turn my back on all literature, and confine my talents to the cultivation of the soil (for which occupation I always did have a dislike), when, like a flash of lightning on a stormy night, those luminous words of cheer and inspiration have seemed to reveal to me the hidden path that leads to honor and riches and fame, and have left an impression on my memory that will surely, as a candle, light me through the intricate mazes to the path and up its golden steps triumphantly to immortality.

I feel that I owe Mr. Clarence Stetson a debt of gratitude which I am not able to pay now; but shall be, you bet, in the sweet bye-and-bye; provided, of course, things go on as I expect; and then I will heap treasures upon him, thousands and thousands of dollars, until at last he shall sit down and write me a receipt in full, and the debt be paid.

I shall try the *Radiator* once again, next week, and if it rejects! I will abandon it forever to its inglorious destiny and turn my attention to writing funny articles, which, it gives me pleasure to say, you shall have the first chance at.

I have already gathered a few items for next week's *Radiator*, and if I am not intruding upon your valuable time, I will send you a few of them, and ask for your judgement as to whether the *Radiator* is using me right in so ignoring my contributions; or whether, on the contrary, it is not shamefully abusing me by its attempting to smother the flickering beginnings of what is destined to become a great blaze of glory.

ITEMS: (samples.)

May 22.—Unless we have rain soon, the hay crop will be a total failure. We can not remember a spring when so little rain fell. . . . Henry Blake's calf went yesterday. Weighed two hundred pounds. Who can beat it? . . . Miss Katie Jones, of Deep Creek, Mass., was a guest of Miss Mamie Blake,



SLOSSON'S WELCOME IN WALES.

CHAIRMAN OF PENEGRYFADWEGGLYN TOWN COUNCIL —
Wwxyglpen hagaiel wyvwyxgad coggyll!

MR. SLOSSON (doubtfully).—Not by a long shot!

(N. B.—The chairman had asked him to accept the freedom of the town.)

yesterday. Some say that Miss Mamie is not the only attraction there. How is that, Henry?

May 23.—The welcome rain has come at last. . . . Miss Katie Jones returned to her home in Deep River this morning. It is rumored about that she will make the Blake farm her home ere long. We hope so, Henry. . . . Mrs. Blake is down with the shakes.

May 24.—Still raining. Mr. Blake reports great damage to his corn. It has rained incessantly since Monday night. The streets are flooded. . . . Mamie Blake received a letter from Miss Jones to-day, who writes

that she arrived home safely and that she was delighted with her visit. Of course she was. . . . Rats got into Henry Blake's duck pen last night, and carried off all but three of his young ducks. They were a fine brood and Henry has our sympathy.

May 25.—The weather remains threatening. A little sunshine would start the grass a-growing; but the corn crop is virtually done for. . . . Henry Blake put some rat poison in his duck pen last night, hoping to give Messrs. Rats a dose that would fix 'em; but the ducks got it instead, and he found them all dead in the morning. Henry has our sympathy.

Now, sir, Mr. Editor, how can the editor of the *New Haven Radiator* refuse to publish the above, with more of the same sort, if he is a man?

Awaiting your answer, I remain,

Yours truly,
A. ALBERTUS WILLIAMS.



HISTORICALLY CORRECT.

Just before the Thompson Street Masquerade.

MISTER PARKER (Sir Walter Raleigh).—Claud, yo's drunk!

MISTER CLAY.—Co's I is. Mis'ss Pendl'ton she's gwine ez Queen Kapiolanus ob de San'wich Isles. 'Spose I's gwine sobah ez King Kalico, en' spile de 'lusion?

THERE IS ONE road that apparently does n't lead to Rome. It is the one that Dr. McGlynn is traveling on.

THE RAIN FALLS alike upon the just and the unjust; but it gets more of its fine work in on policemen.

Ed. Brown's Ginger

ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, PA. U. S. A.

Its stimulating property, being independent of alcoholic power, its effect as a frequent remedy need never be dreaded. * While it

**Strengthens
and
Refreshes
the
Debilitated
in the
Summer
Season**

it is not less potent during the inclemency of WINTER, by warming with its healthful tonic principle, and enabling the system to resist the influences of incipient DISEASES WHICH LURK in a CHANGING CLIMATE.

CLEAN, SWEET and APPETIZING



Rae's "Finest Sublime Lucca Olive Oil"

we guarantee to be the purest and finest article of the kind ever sold in this country. It is always of uniform excellence; smooth, delicate and appetizing, because made only from sound, ripe and fresh Olives. It is packed by Messrs. S. Rae & Co., at Leghorn, Tuscany, Italy (where the conditions of climate and soil are specially adapted to the Olive tree), from the first pressings of the Olives, and only the choicest fruit is used. It is therefore an excellent article of food; because as pure, clean, and sweet as good, fresh cream. Every bottle warranted as represented.

N. B.—Send your address and we will mail, free of charge, a beautifully illustrated book giving full particulars about Olive Oil and the Olive tree. Ask your grocer for Rae's Oil. If he does not keep it, and will not supply you, write to the importers.

**FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO.,
NEW YORK.**

Please mention this paper.

311

EDEN MUSEE. 55 West 23rd Street.
Munsci Lajos and Prince
Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

I MET a freckled village boy,
Who loitered by the way;
His hat was off, his brickdust curls
With balmy winds did play.

"Oh, whither bound, bareheaded boy,
Beneath this blazing sky?"
"I'm going home—but have to wait
Until my hair is dry!"

—Detroit Free Press.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

NO RISK, NO LOSS.

Dr. Taylor's Catarrh Cure is sold under a guarantee that if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York. Send 4-cent stamp for pamphlet.

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To CONSUMPTIVES

Use WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA. For Consumption, Weak Lungs, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and General Debility it is an acknowledged Specific Remedy. TRY IT.

Price, \$1 and \$2 per bottle. Prepared only by
WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists,

Sold by Druggists. 162 William St., New York.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 119 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 209 Wabash Avenue.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 922 Market St.



THE AMERICAN CYCLES
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
ON APPLICATION.
GORMULLY & JEFFERY
MFG. CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.

269

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. MCALVIN Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax collector. Sent free to any address.

SOZODONT



SMILES ARE BECOMING ONLY WHEN THE LIPS DISPLAY PRETTY TEETH

The shells of the ocean yield no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with that incomparable Dentifrice, Fragrant

SOZODONT,

Which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

ONE BOTTLE OF SOZODONT WILL LAST SIX MONTHS.

It is an exceedingly economical and inexpensive dentifrice. Purchasers are requested to note the size of the bottle, and particularly to remember that, unlike tooth powders and tooth pastes, there is no waste. Each bottle has a sprinkler top, so that any number of persons may use the same bottle.

SOZODONT is a shining mark for the unscrupulous who seek to trade upon its established reputation, by representing valueless compounds as superior to or similar to it, but which are pernicious to the teeth. Sozodont, on the contrary, beautifies and preserves them. Nothing resembles it in properties or composition, or is comparable to it but itself. Therefore, do not allow yourself to be persuaded that another article offered as a substitute will produce the same effects, or is as pure as Sozodont.



TWO GENTLEMEN

whose names are familiar to every American, have recently written us, speaking in the highest terms of
Williams' Shaving Stick.

Unequaled in richness of lather and delicacy of perfume. Each Stick in a neat, turned wood case, covered with dark red morocco leatherette.

Ask your Druggist for it or send 25cts. in Stamps, for which we will send it post-paid to any address. Address,
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
For 50 years Mfrs. of Yankee Shaving Soap.

A FARMER whose cribs were full of corn was accustomed to pray that the wants of the needy might be supplied. But when anyone in needy circumstances asked for a little of his corn he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him: "Father, I wish I had your corn." "Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father. The child replied: "I would answer your prayer."—*Christian Register*.

No MAN can acquire polish without rubbing against the sleeve of society. Put all the black-lead you will on your kitchen stove, and you shall have but a dull and lustreless dirty black. It is the friction of the brush that makes it shine.—*Boston Transcript*.

ITCHING FIVE LONG YEARS.

New Bloomfield, Miss., Jan. 2, 1886.

HOP BITTERS Co.:

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief from your medicine and torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, I am well and my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOCHE.

GOOD WORDS—FROM GOOD AUTHORITY.— * * * * We confess that we are perfectly amazed at the run of your Hop Bitters. We never had anything like it, and never heard of the like. The writer (Benton) has been selling drugs here nearly thirty years, and has seen the rise of Hostetter's, Vinegar and all other bitters and patent medicines, but never did any of them, in their best days, begin to have the run that Hop Bitters have. * * * We can't get enough of them. We are out of them half the time. * * * From letter to Hop Bitters Co., from BENTON, MYERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Cleveland, O.

GOOD FOR BABIES.—"We are pleased to say that our baby was permanently cured of a serious protracted irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength."—THE PARENTS.

MISERABLENESS.

The most wonderful and marvelous success, in cases where persons are sick or pining away from a condition of miserableness that no one knows what ails them (profitable patients for doctors), is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose, and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored.

WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."—REV. E. R. WARREN, Scipio, N. Y.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.—"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total \$1,200, all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."—JOHN WEEKS, Butler.

NEVER FORGET THIS.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters is a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are nervous use Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath and health.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health with Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

In short they cure all Diseases of the stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$1.000 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

FOR THE COMPLEXION

IT KEEPS THE HANDS IN BEAUTIFUL CONDITION.

AND SOFT AS VELVET.

"You say you were very lucky the first time you bought a lottery ticket?"

"Yes; I drew a blank, and have never invested since."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Dr. Dwight Smith, 3 East 47th Street, New York, writes:

"I have been using the 'Sanitas Disinfectants' for the last three months with the greatest satisfaction, and am convinced that if their virtues were more fully known, no family would be without them."

WRIGHT & DITSON'S



LAWN TENNIS BALL,

FOR SEASON OF 1887.

Official Tennis Rules, by mail, 10 cents. Send for Tennis Catalogue.

330 WASHINGTON ST.,

BOSTON, MASS.

Print Your Own Cards!



PRESS, \$2; Circular size press, \$4; Newspaper size, \$14. Type-setting easy; printed instructions. Send 3 stamps for catalogue press, type, cards, &c. to the factory, KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.



Fifth Avenue Riding Academy.

ANTONY & RUNK,

PROPRIETORS,

5th Avenue

and

90th Street.

THE LEADING RIDING SCHOOL IN THE CITY.

Riding thoroughly taught.

Special attention paid to ladies and children.

Send for circular.



Waltham Timing Watches.

With or Without Split Seconds,
and Minute Register.

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY THE

American Waltham Watch Co.,
WALTHAM, MASS.

THE WALTHAM CHRONOGRAPH combines an ACCURATE stop-watch for sporting, astronomical and general scientific purposes, with a RELIABLE time-keeper for ordinary use.

The mechanism to start, stop and fly back is of the most simple and durable construction and is independent of the other parts of the movement.

The Waltham Watch Factory is the oldest in America, the most extensive and best equipped in the world, and produces the finest and best watches made.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS
JEWELERS.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

PROSPECT BREWERY,

Cor. Eleventh and Oxford Streets,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly Celebrated

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.

POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER.

Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps, by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.



CRANDALL & CO.,
569 3D AVE.

Established 1841. Wholesale and retail. Our best, largest, and most reliable baby carriage factory in the United States. New and best styles to select from. Our patent baby carriage spring indorsed by highest authority, J. B. Brewster & Co., of 25th St., and by Dr. Shady, a safe and healthful. Also, large stock velocipedes, wagons, doll carriages, &c. Catalogues free.



FACE, HANDS, FEET,

and all their imperfections, including Facia. Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Mottled, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bile Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition. Dr. John H. Woodbury, 57 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y., Established 1876.

ASPIRING AUTHOR.—I have here, sir (*taps roll*), an entirely new theory about the battle of Gettysburg, which I would like to submit.

EDITOR (*wearily*).—I dislike to reopen that controversy; but a new theory—what is it in brief?

ASPIRING AUTHOR.—That there never was any battle of Gettysburg. (*Dull thud on office stairs.*)
—*Harper's Bazar.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

Sold By ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

"JUST THE THING
FOR
SUMMER WEAR."

OUR
SPLENDID ASSORTMENT
OF

SCOTCH CHEVIOTS,
HOMESPUNS,
TWEEDS, ETC.

IN
STRIPES, NEAT AND TASTY EFFECTS.

Suits to order from \$20.00.
Trousers " " " 5.00.

Nicoll
The Tailor.

771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.

(Bosomy Business carried on temporarily at above address.)

Samples and self-measurement rules mailed on application.

CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of
THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauereien and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here.

According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.)	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna	348,613
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich	232,730
4. St. Marx, Vienna	229,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich	235,950
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude



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The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five collars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in hand some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent, above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

AMERICANS AS ATHLETES.

The love of out-door sports and athletics in general is getting to be almost as distinguishing a characteristic of Americans as of Englishmen.

J. J. McDERMOTT, Lieut. - Captain Olympic Athletic Club, writes:

"NEW YORK, May 20th, 1886.

"For strained muscles, sprains, bruises, and external applications generally, I find nothing better than Allcock's Porous Plasters."

G. D. BAIRD, of New York City, writes:

"NEW YORK, May 18th, 1886.

"I heartily recommend to the athletic fraternity the use of Allcock's Porous Plasters. They have been a standard remedy in our family for years for all chest and lung disorders, as well as for treating inflammations."

"Private Club"

GRAND CHAMPAGNE.

FELIX JACQUIN,

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GENERAL AGENT,

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PUBLICATIONS * 2 *

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GENERAL AGENTS,
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STRANGE THAT MAN should have been given two ears and but one tongue, when, as everybody knows, he would rather talk all day than listen five minutes.—*Boston Transcript.*

WIFE (who believes in consistency).—If the old Blue Laws forbid kissing one's wife and the selling of intoxicating liquors on Sunday, why is n't the former enforced as well as the latter?

HUSBAND.—Because it is n't necessary.—*Harper's Bazar.*

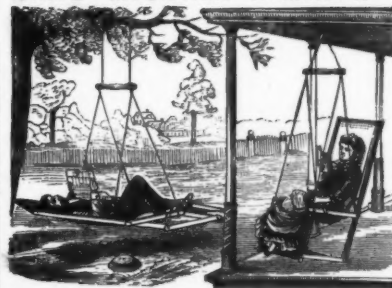
A LADY took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instant. "Sit down!" said the mother. "I won't!" he shouted. "I want to see the monkey."—*Detroit Free Press.*

CARLSBAD.

This season of the year is the most suitable for the use of the well-known Carlsbad Sprudel Water. Since five centuries it has been acknowledged by the medical faculty to be the best and most effective mineral water for all ailments of the liver, catarrhal affections of the stomach, bile, bile pigment, gall-stones, temporary and habitual constipation, &c. Millions of people all over the world have been cured by the use of this celebrated spring, and it deserves to be made known to all suffering from the above and kindred diseases. Two to three tumblerfuls should be taken in the morning before breakfast and two or three during the day. It tastes pleasant, acts mildly without pain and regulates the secretions of the stomach. If a stronger purgative action is desired, a teaspoonful of the genuine Carlsbad Sprudel Salt should be added to a tumblerful of the water and taken in the morning. The genuine imported Water and Salt has the signature of EISNER & MENDELSON CO., No. 6 Barclay Street, New York, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES, on the neck of every bottle. 341

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—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eye of Blenden."

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It is estimated that of the number who embark on the stormy sea of commerce, nine out of ten become bankrupt. Many things conspire to effect this result. Among them is "living beyond your means," exhausting your financial strength. So it is in the physical mart; possessed of strength and anticipations of a long life, we launch out in the quest of pleasure.

We undermine our constitutions by extravagance in eating and drinking; by disregarding the laws of health, and ere we are aware of it we are bankrupts in body—Dyspepsia or liver complaint, or shattered nerves, or kidney disease exhausts our physical capital, and we are unable to meet the drafts upon our constitution. But you may resume. Check your extravagance and by the aid of Tutt's Pills, your broken constitution will be restored and the drafts on the exchequer of health will never be dishonored.

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